

MARVEL®
12th Jan 91

SCOTT EDEN
THE REAL

№135 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

IT'S OKAY,
PETER, YOU CAN
SHUT THAT DOOR
NOW. WE'VE SEEN
THE LIGHT AT
LONG LAST!

ISSN 0954-9404



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02

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02



Now we all have doors, wherever we may live, be it a house or even an old fire station, but you'd be a bit worried if you woke up one morning to find a spooky pair of Gothic oak doors in your front room. Well, this is just one of the horrors that **The Real Ghostbusters** have to face this week in **Winston's Diary!**

Slimer has a race against time in a special adventure this week when **The Grim Sweeper's** assistant captures The Real Ghostbusters in **Laugh and Death Situation!** Will the little green spud be able to free his mortal friends from the clutches of the dreaded **Doom?**

Still, if that's not enough for all you fright freaks out there, we have all of your other regular ectoplasmic features, besides the second instalment of **The Spook From Outer Space!**

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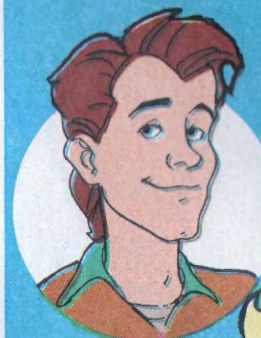
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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor EMMA MARSHALL
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



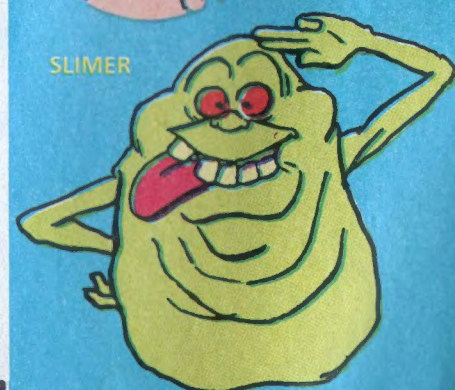
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STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

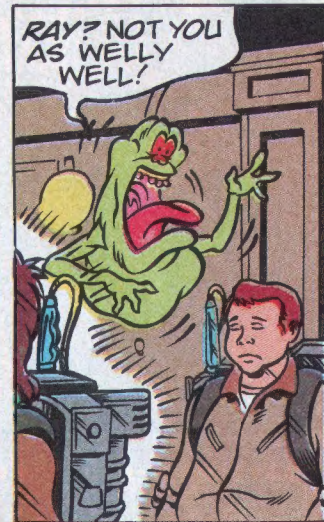


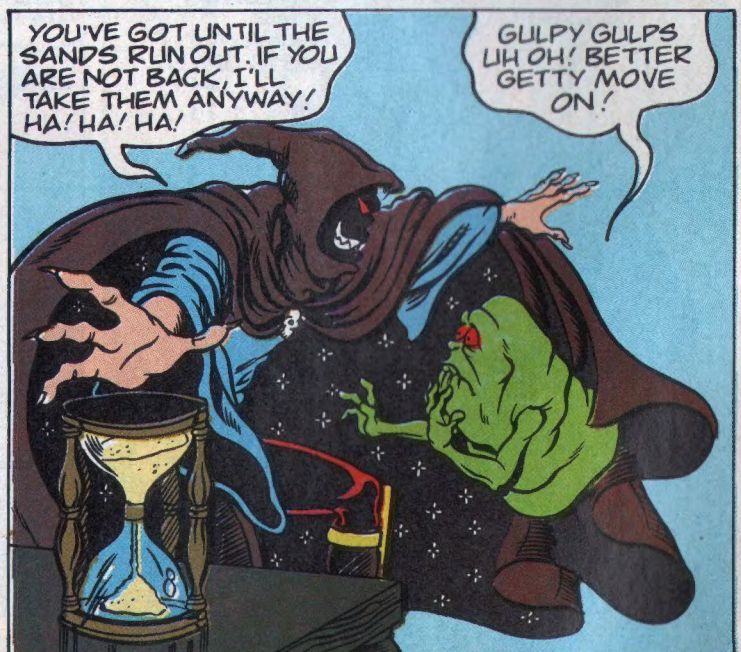
JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





AND SO, IN THE UNDERWORLD...



ME NOEY LIKE UNDERWORLD! SPOOKY! I WONDER WHICH WAY TO DOOM'S DOOR! BETTER ASKY!



ERRR, EXCUSE ME, MR SKELLY SKULL. DO YOU KNOW WAY TO DOOM'S DOOR?

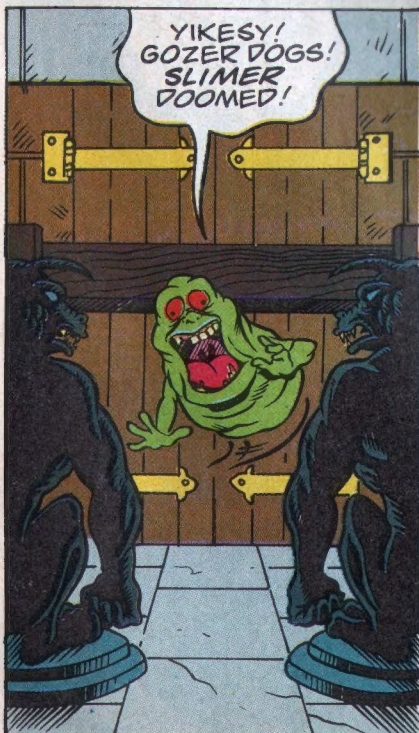


THAT WAY! BUT BEWARE! ONLY DOOM LIVES THERE! IT'S ALL GLOOM AND DOOM! HA! HA!

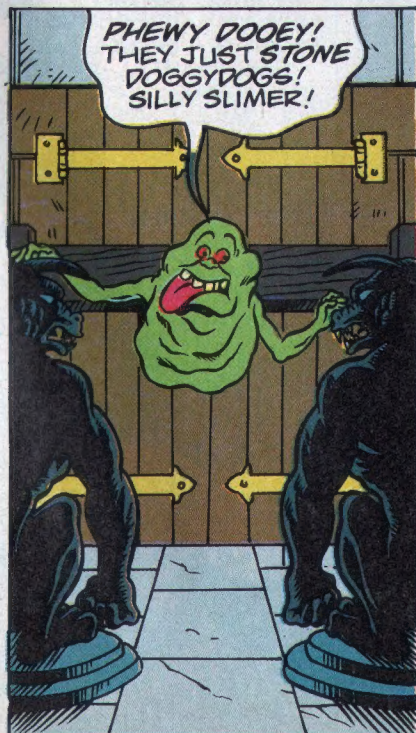
GRIPES AND GOOLYGANGLES! ME NOT LIKEY SPOOKY PLACES!



SLIMER FRIGHTENED! MAYBE I SHOULD GO AND TAKE A LOOKY BEFORE KNOCKY KNOCK!



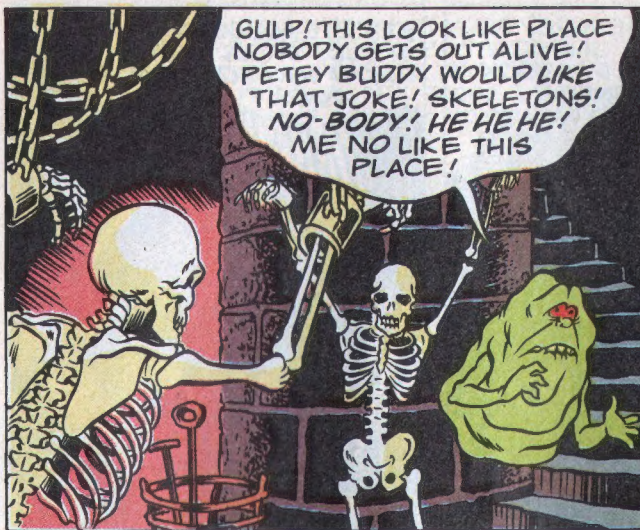
YIKESY! GOZER DOGS! SLIMER DOOMED!

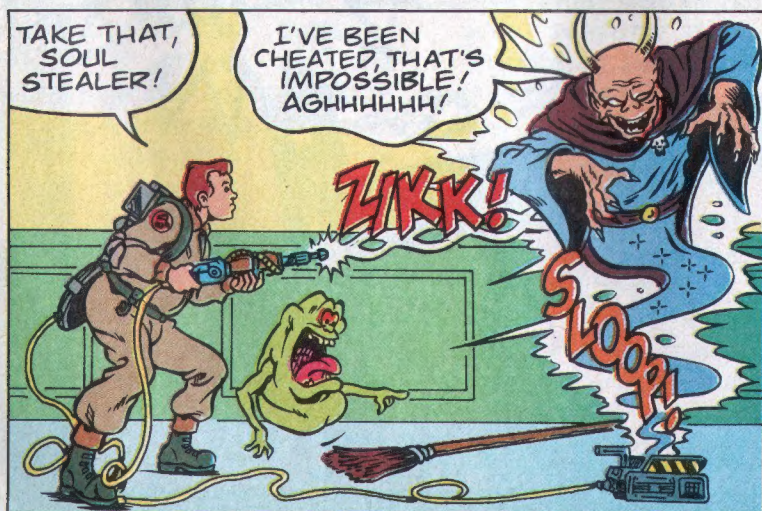
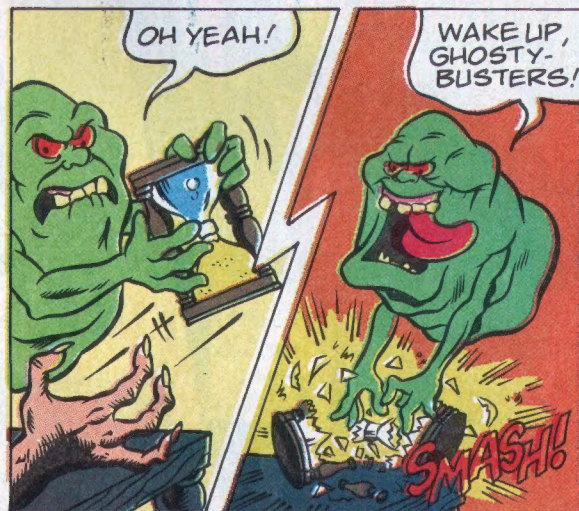


PHEWY DOOEY! THEY JUST STONE DOGGYDOGS! SILLY SLIMER!

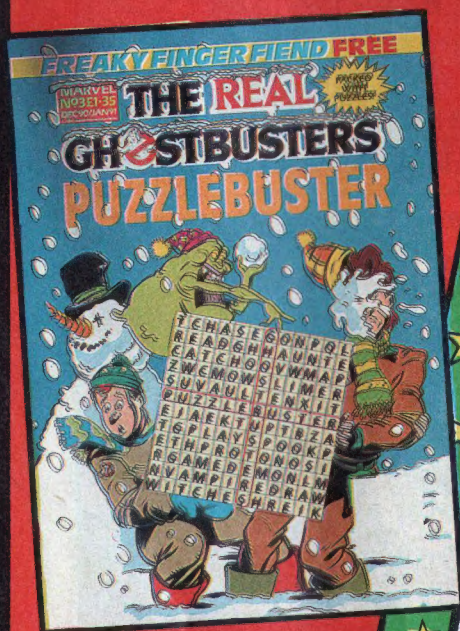


NOW WHERE'S THIS DOOMY MAN! THIS PLACE SO MIZZY MIZZERABLE!





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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



The Nether Regions are officially 'Lethally Deadly', and also rate ten point five on the Sublimely and Manifestly Ghastly and Unspeakable-o-meter, according to the *Institute for Classifying Absolutely Everything*. The Yldammic Pit Fiends dwell there, the Tarot Demons too, and it is of course the home of the entire dynasty of Gozerians, who are, incidentally, responsible for the pink paint job.

The Nether Regions are also completely hostile to mankind. An unprotected human being, one that is, say, not equipped with a Real Ghostbusters protection suit or wrapped in a lead-lined suit in a bullet proof box inside a bank vault loaded into the hold of a nuclear submarine, wouldn't last for long. Just standing in the gusts of infernal winds on the exposed and blasted plains of the Nether Regions leaves you vulnerable to ecto-electrical storms, nitric acid rain, brimstone lightning and getting sprayed pink and then stomped to oblivion by passing teams of Gozerian decorators. Even in full armour, entering the

PART 135

atmosphere of the Nether Regions is about as safe, easy and comfortable as scuba diving in a vat of boiling baked-beans with your hands and feet tied together.

In fact, given all that, it's hardly any wonder the Nether Region dwellers spend so much of their time trying to move to our world, and it may also explain why you seldom get ghost trouble in houses that are painted pink.

Cut into the deepest catacombs of the Spirit World, sculpted from the huge buttresses that support the vast weight of the Mountains of Utter Chaos are the Nether Regions. Curiously enough, they are predominantly painted a gloss pink

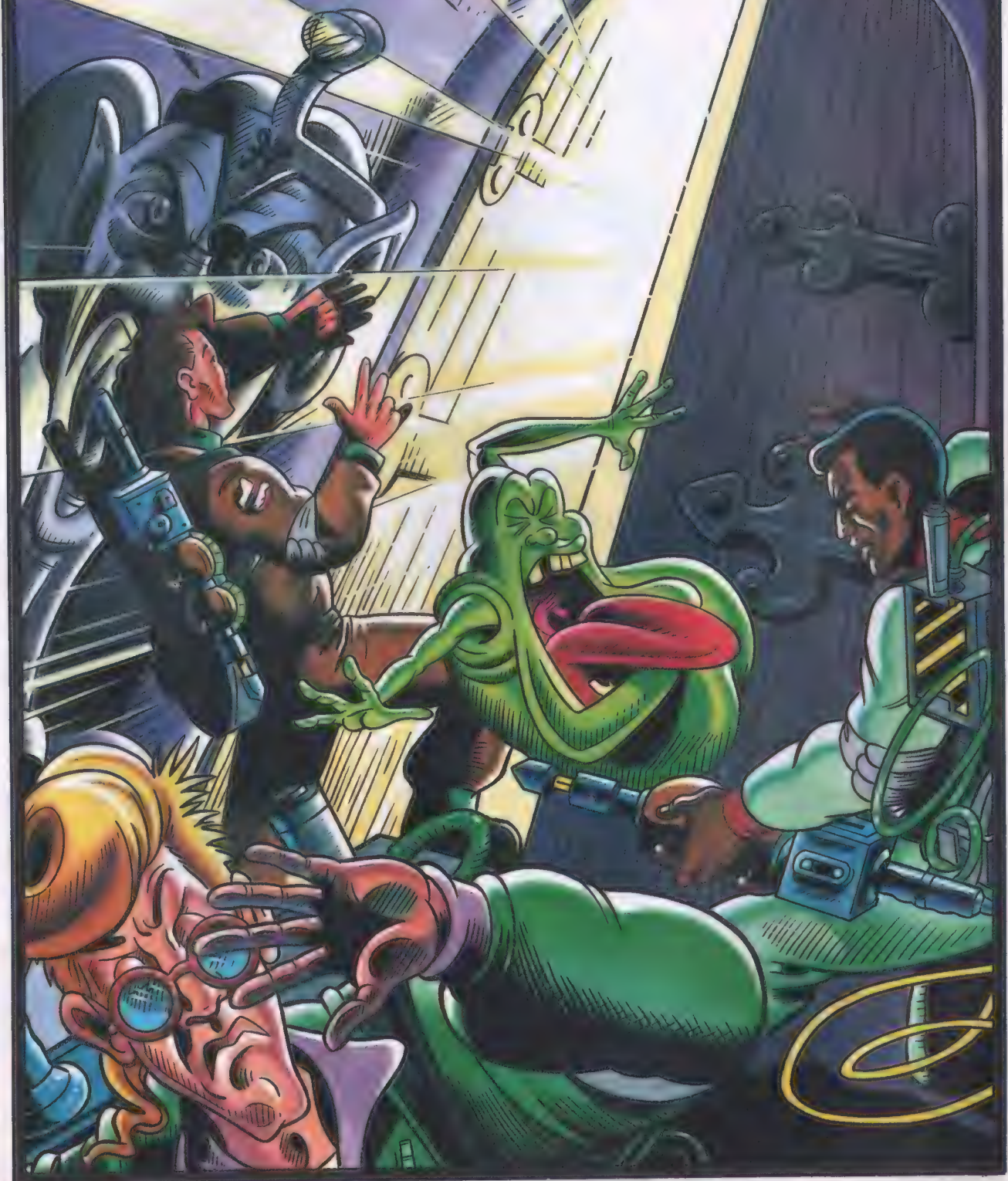
and are a massive, sulphurous sub-continent that represents the deepest and darkest regions of what we call 'the Underworld'.

Much has been written about the Nether Regions. As Tobin is quick to point out in the beginning of his book, *Here Are Some Things I Need To Point Out Rather Quickly*,

'... it is certain that the most notable and blasphemous of daemons riseth up from that gibberish and slithery pit, the Nether Regions...' The Underworld works on the basic principle that the lower you get the worse it gets. Don't be misled, however, into thinking that other stratas of the Underworld are plain sailing and safe. The Catacombs of Grief are rancid and desperate places cut from the living rock of the Hill of Thorns and are done out in a really vile green flock wall paper. The Plateau of Suicidal Despondancy, hewn from the molten heart of the Volcanoes of Deafness, is home to some of the foulest stone cladding you're ever likely to see, yet next to the sheer horror of the Nether Regions, they are only mildly deadly.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

Tuesday, 5th January 1991

'Why?' Mr Sackley wanted to know, but to be honest, none of us could tell him. 'Well, it wasn't there yesterday . . .' Mr Sackley added, and we believed him. You don't install overnight a massive fake-gothic double oak door of the kind that wouldn't look out of place at the end of the drawbridge in the movie 'Ring the Doorbell of Castle Dracula'. It's the kind of operation that takes two weeks, supervised by an old and trustworthy family of Transylvanian builders who refuse to do overtime after dark. What's more you don't install a massive fake-gothic double oak door at all if you've got any taste. My Uncle Sheldon did it to his home in Waukegan, which only proves my point. Apart from being very, very confused indeed, Mr Sackley struck us as a man of taste and refinement. These iron-hinged and brass-studded monsters sort of clashed with his discreet rugs, his pastel wallpaper and his demure, subdued furnishings. Man, these doors would have clashed with each other if these'd been nothing else around to disagree with taste-wise.

'I don't like them,' Mr Sackley told us, 'and neither does my wife. She was so upset that she has gone to stay with her sister in Passaic until they go. She didn't like the *glow* you can see coming around the cracks if you squint, and I didn't like this . . .'

He led us out of the living room of his pleasant little house (where the doors were sited) and into the dining room next door. The wall there showed no signs of doors, even though this was clearly the other side of the partition wall they were set into.

'Maybe they're purely ornamental?' Peter suggested, but from his tone, you could tell he didn't believe it himself.

'There's light coming through the cracks, as Mr Sackley said,' replied Egon, 'and a draught too. They *aren't* ornamental.'

'Where do they go to?' Mr Sackley wanted to know insistantly 'There's no *other side* to the doors.'

'Oh yes, there is,' Ray said to him cheerfully. 'Just not in *your* house.'

'Have you tried opening the doors?' Egon asked Mr Sackley, but the man had gone, at a run it appeared, as we heard the front door slam.

'Must've remembered something he had to do urgently,' Egon commented.

'I don't think he had tried opening the doors,' I told Egon.

'What makes you say that?' he asked me.

'He didn't look stupid,' I said.



Before very long, we'd worked out which of us was going to open the doors. The only real delay in choosing was the time I spent telling Peter it should be him, and *not* because he looked stupid or anything. When unpopular jobs like this came up in our line of work, Peter had learnt to volunteer for them whenever possible. Years of working alongside us had taught him that he could never win *eeny, meeny, miny, mo* or even *one potato, two potato*.

As Ray, Egon and myself stood by with Proton Guns at the ready, Peter sidled up to the great doors and heaved on the

latch. With a chilly gust of escaping air, the mighty portal stood open, revealing only blackness behind. Egon coughed politely, and Peter came out from behind one of the doors where he had been hiding with his eyes shut, and with a frail grin in our direction he crept into the darkness of the doorway.

'I can't see anyth-' he said and then dropped from view.

'Peter?' the three of us said, simultaneously, rushing forward. Peter was clinging by his fingertips from the doorstep. Through the door, all around in all directions, blackness spread out. The doorway was a hole into immeasurable space.



'Golly,' said Ray.

'Stop it with your golly-ing,' snapped Peter, his voice thin and distant as if the air in the black pit he dangled in was sparse and interstellar. 'Pull me back.'

We did. Then the four of us looked into that seamless, immense black void in wonder.

'Maybe we should shut the door now,' I suggested.

'No,' said Egon. 'Earlier there definitely was light shining through the cracks. Where has that light source gone now?

We have to know.'

'No, we don't.' I corrected him.

'Look!' Ray called, pointing down into the void. A tiny light was moving up toward us. 'Stand back!' Ray warned. 'Here it comes!'

It arrived, a glowing box the size of a small room. It stopped next the open door, and then some sort of door of its own slid open, bathing us and Mr Sackley's front room with blinding light. Faintly, through the glare, we could make out two figures. Then we heard voices.

'What's this, for Gurzuck's sake?

'Six hundred and sixtieth floor - Mortal Plane.'

'Oh no, I don't want that.'

'Okay, going up.'

The light faded and blackness returned beyond the doors, which we quickly closed to shut the blackness out. 'What now?' I asked Egon.

'It seems the beings of the Supercosmos have accidentally built a lift stop here in the mortal world for the elevator that takes them up and down the levels of Pandemonium. This is a thoroughfare we can't allow to stay open.'

So we cranked up our Proton Guns.

When Mr Sackley came home later he found a bill, a burnt patch on his wall where the doors had been and a notice hanging on it reading 'OUT OF ORDER.' He probably still wants to know *why*.



OLD GHOSTS' HOME

Gifford's Rest Home For The Elderly was the scene of some ghastly, ghoulish characters that kept the residents in a terrified state. And they were just the owners. Mr Gifford had called The Real Ghostbusters to rid his old folks' home of some friendly looking ghosts simply because he thought that it would scare the patients into packing their bags and leaving.

Ray and Winston arrived to bust the playful spooks, not knowing that they were in fact those rare entities in the spirit world – friendly ghosts.

The spooks, in their own playful way, wreaked havoc

with the Ghostbusters, covering them with slime and generally giving them the fright of their lives, until they led Ray and Winston to the old folks themselves. The residents loved the ghosts as they were the only source of fun in an otherwise boring place. So the ghosts stayed, Mr Gifford changed his ways and The Real Ghostbusters went home empty handed.



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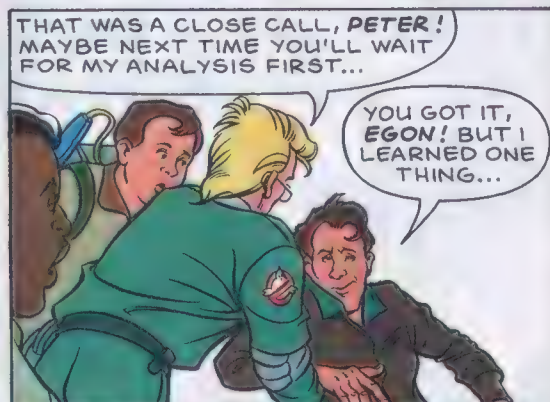
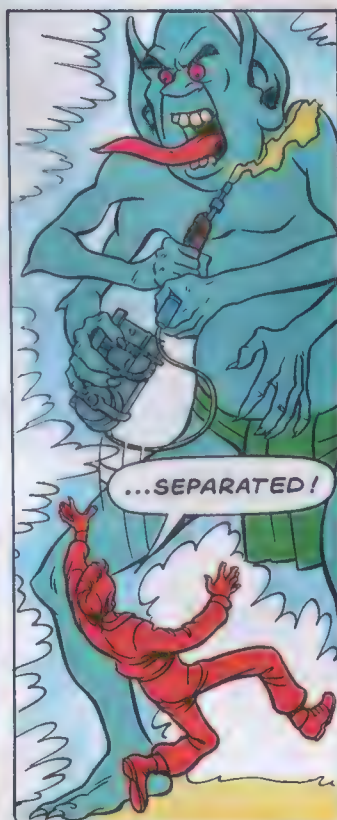
Whoopee cushion, wobbly lager glass, Skeletons, snakes, spiders, squirt toilet, rotten teeth, pepper chewing gum, loaded dice, trick golf ball, sneezing/itching powder, sticky ball, water bombs, luminous paint, x-ray specs, wiper specs, laxative tea bags, joke blood, sick mess, soap sweets, wet jokes, exploding jokes, magic tricks, party fun kits, masks, make up, sea monkeys, slime-in-a-pot, water machine-guns, posters, badges. Plus lots of pop and football bargains. The complete Joke Shop by post. Send second class stamp with your name and address for bumper colour catalogue and Free Gift to: MATCHRITE, The Funny Business (Dept. YK), 167 Winchester Road, Bristol, BS4 3NJ.

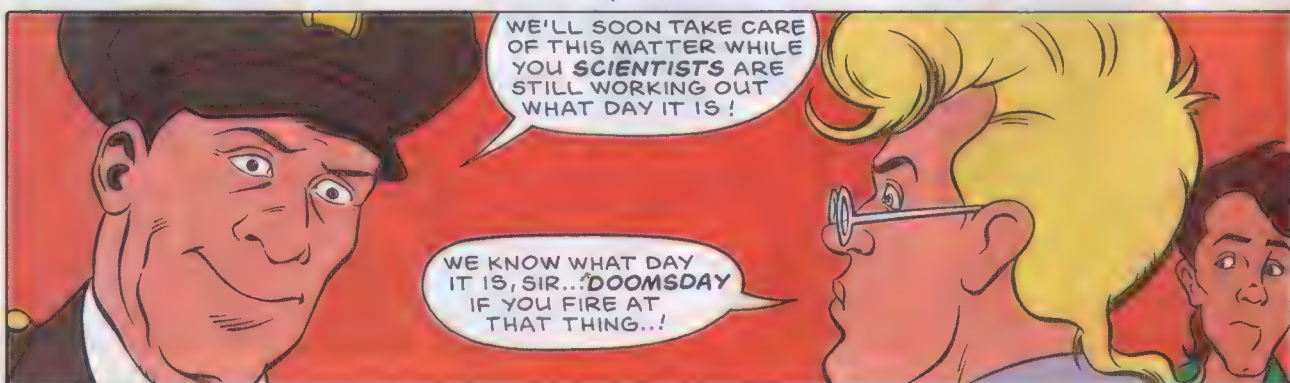
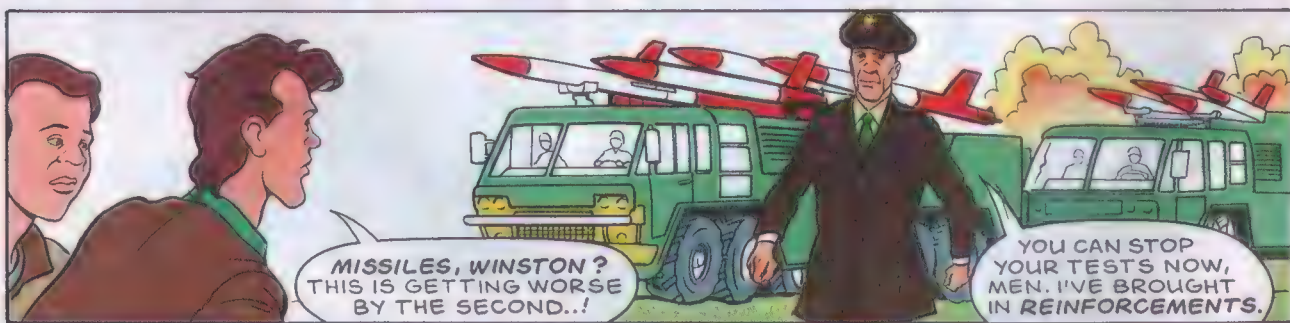
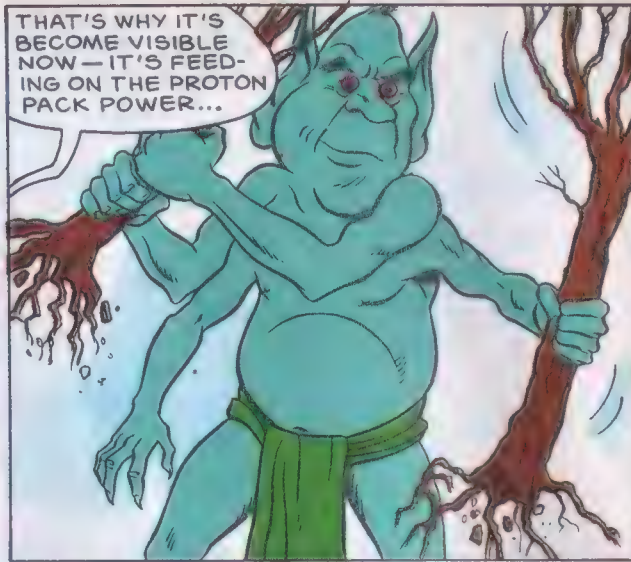
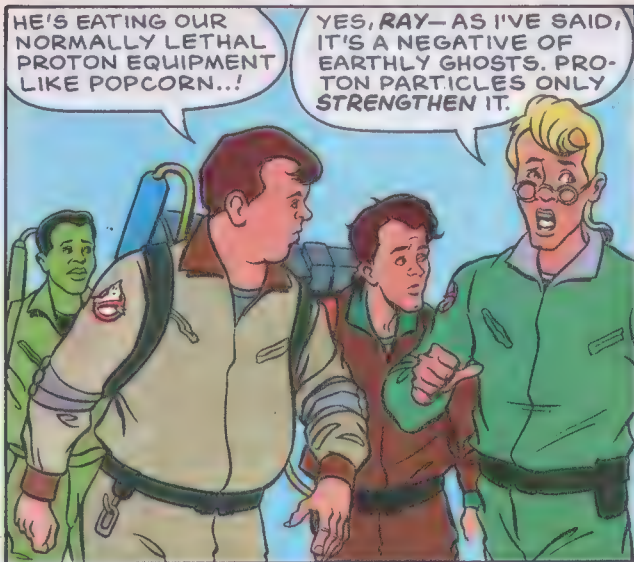
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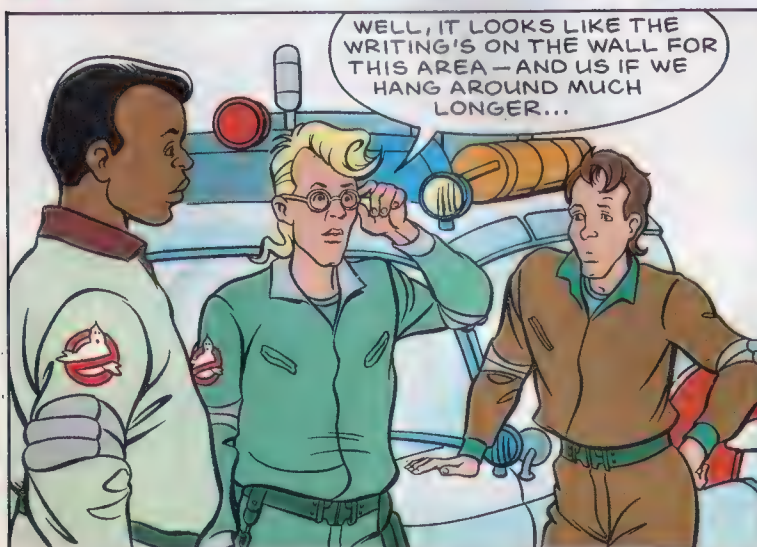
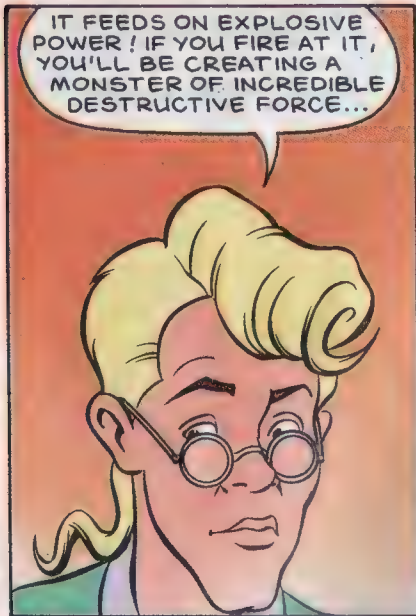


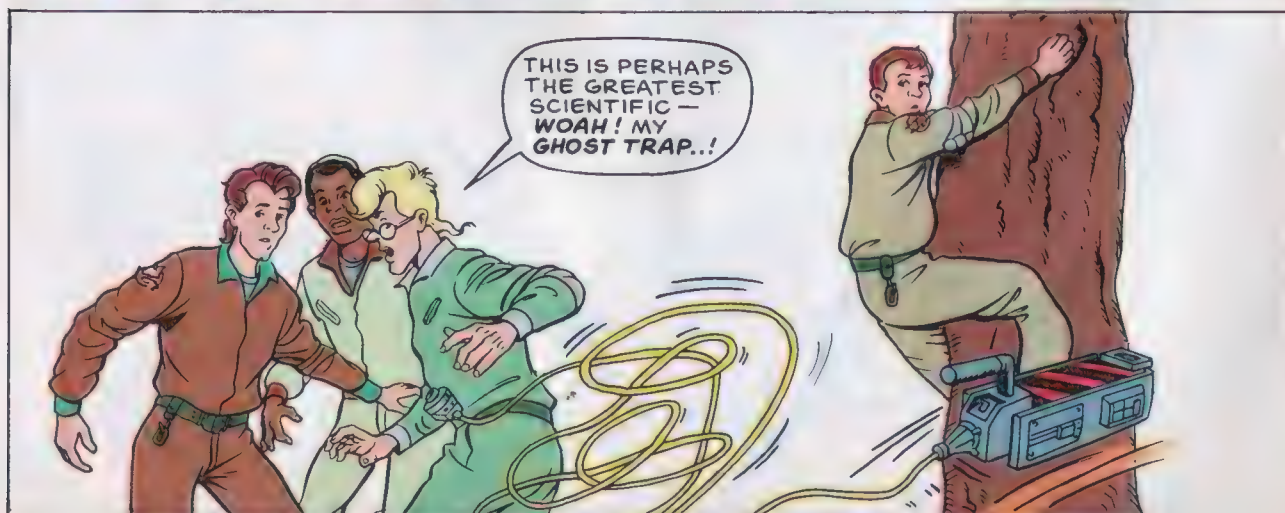
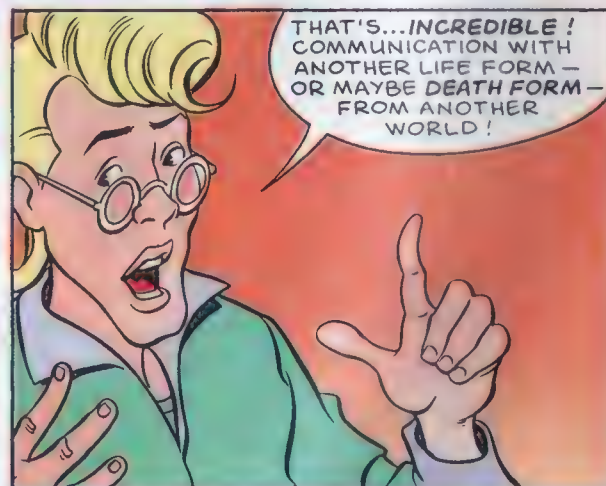
The SPOOK *from* OUTER SPACE!

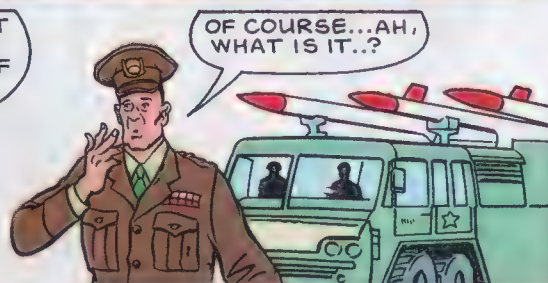
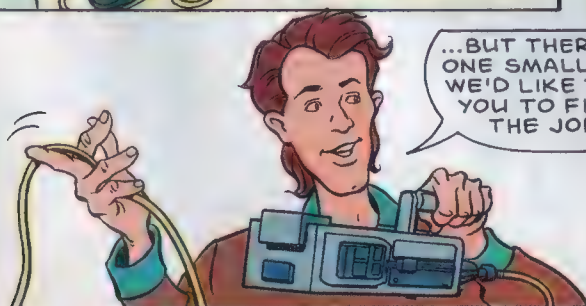
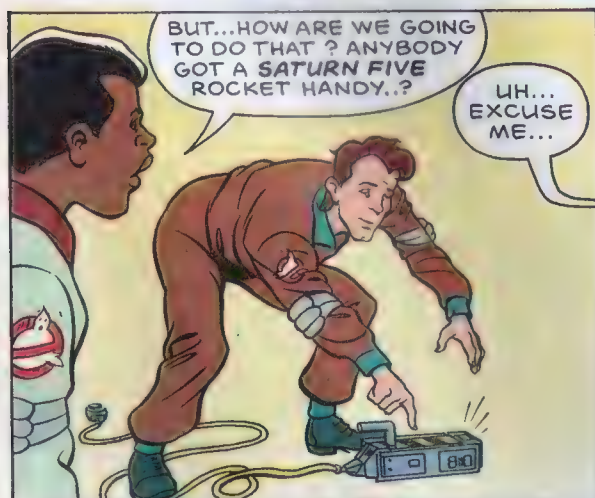
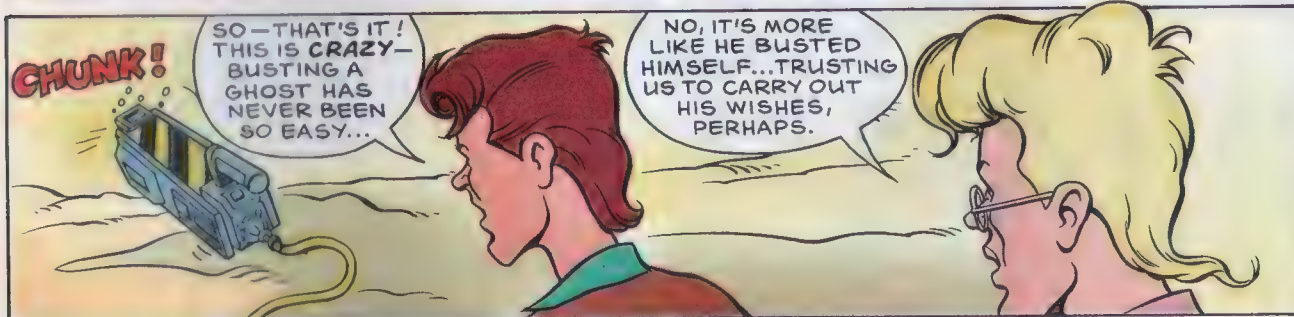
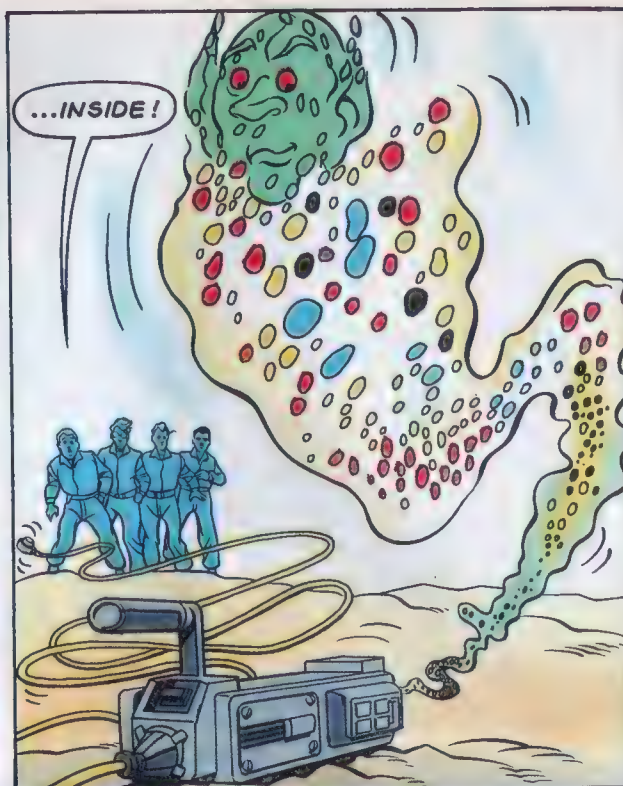
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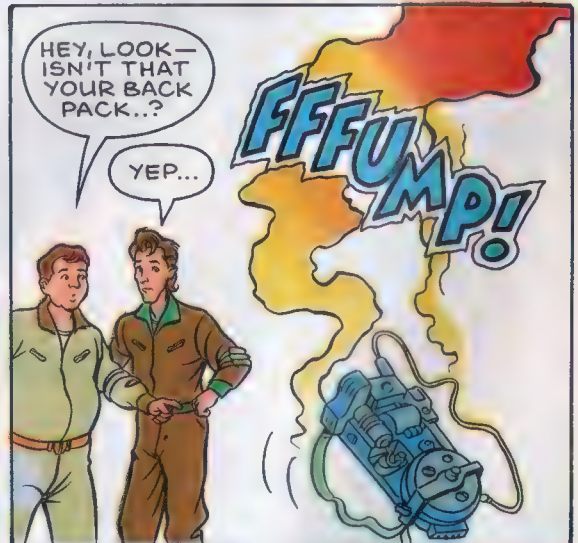
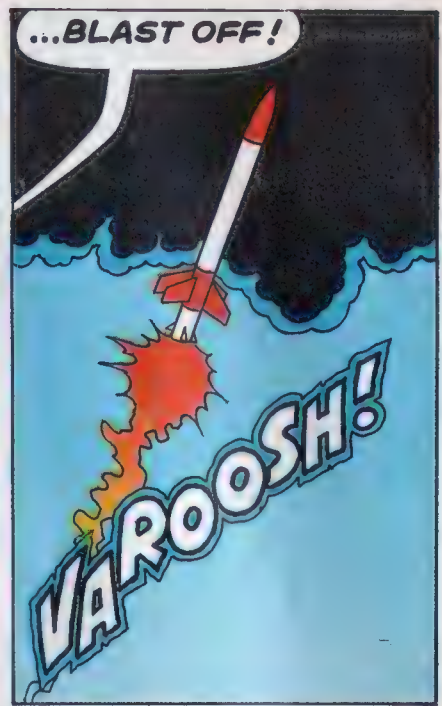












DEAD TRUE!



The ghosts of two tragic Queen Marys still haunt the houses where both found temporary respite from their unhappy lives in the 16th century. Following the death of Henry VIII, they both suffered as victims during the power struggle that then ensued.

At this time Mary Tudor, Henry's eldest daughter, was staying at Sawston Hall, the home of the Huddlestons. Her brother Edward VI had recently died leaving Mary's claim to the throne open to opposition. Indeed, this came from the Duke of Northumberland — a mean and powerful man, who was plotting to make his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England. And so it was that in the early hours of 8th July, 1553, John Huddleston discovered that the Duke had ordered his men

to capture the princess. Mary was quickly dressed in the clothes of a milkmaid and thus attired was able to escape the devastating fire that followed.

Later when she was made Queen, she rewarded the kind Huddlestons by rebuilding the Hall. Even so, after her death in 1558 she has been reported to wander the grounds of Sawston and sometimes the haunting strains of the virginal she would play for her father can still be heard.

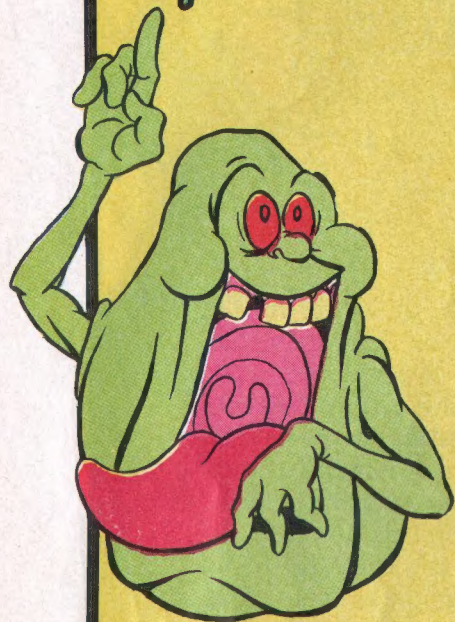
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was much feared by Elizabeth I. This was because Mary was a Catholic and was therefore a threat to the Protestant Good Queen Bess, whose many enemies would gladly have usurped their monarch for the Scottish Queen. Poor Mary spent years as a captive in English mansions, many of which she haunted after her death

in 1587 at Fotheringhay Castle. Her spirit is said to inhabit Southwick Hall where she would secretly attend Mass. At Beaulieu, Hampshire, Mary attempted to escape her prison. Indeed to this very day the clatter of ghostly footsteps echoes from the staircase she used for her freedom dash. Probably the most disconcerting and certainly the weirdest of these tales concerned Fotheringhay. This was destroyed on the orders of James I, Mary Stuart's son. Before the demolition the fittings were purchased by a local innkeeper, William Whitwell. Amongst these fittings was a staircase which the innkeeper installed in his home. Unfortunately William was to discover that along with a staircase he had acquired a ghost into the bargain. The ghost of Mary Queen of Scots.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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Who was the bunny who loved all comedy and said, "What's up doc?"

Bugs Funny.

— Danny Foster, Orpington

What are Dracula's favourite trees?

Ceme-trees

— Anthony Sperrin, Southport.

Why did the bubble-gum cross the road?

Because it was stuck to the chicken's foot.

— Craig Sumner, Fareham.

Why did the skeleton climb up the tree?

Because the dog was after his bones.

— Stuart Telfer, Bluxwich.

What do you get if a cat eats a ball of wool?

Mittens.

— David Le Maistre, Gt Wyrley.

What did Dracula say when he came out of the dentist?

"Fangs a lot."

— Annie-Marie McFarlane, Leytonstone.



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GH⁰ST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans!
Another rummage through
the paranormal post-bag, so
suck in the guts and read
on ...

Dear Peter. . .

1. Why do you hate Slimer?
2. Are you afraid of ghosts?
3. What is your favourite colour?

— Paul Stephenson, Kent.

1. Stewrth! Why am I getting this terrifying sense of deja-vu? I'm sure I've already explained that more times than Slimer has said 'No' to second helpings. 2. What me? Never! Just a minute. Did you hear something? It wasn't me! Ooooooh! I'm all on my own as well. Quick, let's change the subject. 3. My favourite colour! Mmm, that's a difficult one since I change my mind so much. I couldn't say for certain, but I could tell what isn't my favourite colour, and that is green, because it reminds me of Slimer!

1. In Ghostbusters 1, why were Dana and Louis possessed?
 2. Is Slimer the only non-evil ghost that you know?
 3. Is the Marshmallow Man so big because he is the ghost of the tallest man in the world?
- Helen Sinclair, Carshalton.

Hi there, Helen. It's nice to have a few more girlies writing in, it really is. It's not surprising though because we're all pretty darn handsome. Well, I can't vouch for the other three but I definitely am! 1. Dana and Louis were just plain unlucky in that Dana lived in the corner penthouse of Spook Central. Louis just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and they ended up being possessed by Zuul and Vinz Clortho, the minions of Gozer. 2. There have been loads in the comic: The Worst Ghost in the World, Ghost Buttress, King Arthur, Old Father Time and The Child of Tomorrow, The Channel Tunneler and The Roaming Legion to name but a few. 3. No!

1. What is the latest gizmo that Egon has come up with?
 2. Is Slimer's stomach endless?
 3. Have you tried computer dating, or have you always counted on your good looks and incredibiltiy?
- Vicky Shepard, Coalville

Right, Vicky. 1. Egon has so many things on the boil that it's hard to pinpoint any one thing. But I reckon that ECTO-500 was probably the last thing

that he invented. Well, the last big thing. 2. Sure seems like it, doesn't it! 3. Yeuchh! Who on earth would want to go out with a computer? Well, apart from Egon! I always rely on my good looks and charm.

1. What was your very first bust?
 2. What is another word for ghostly residue?
 3. Who is the inventor of the Proton Packs?
 4. What was the chosen form of the Destructor?
 5. What are the minions of Gozer?
 6. How do you get your hair in such a great style?
- Greg Stickley, Watchet.

Thanks a lot, Greg. But I must say your questions do have rather a familiar ring to them, don't you agree! I don't think somehow, that you managed to win a Ghostbusters Bin Seat, since you don't know any of the questions that we set you. But, just for the benefit of all you lot out there who get a bit stuck, I'll tell you. 1. Slimer. 2. Ectoplasm. 3. Spengler. 4. Mr Stay-Puft. 5. The minions of Gozer are his servants, in this case Zuul, The Gate Keeper, and Vinz Clortho, The Key Master. 6. Ah, you just chucked in this question to throw me off the scent, didn't you. Well, since you asked, and since you seem to have such taste, you'll be pleased to know that Monsieur Le Snip is still my main hairdressing man. I don't think I'll be going to Sweedy Tode's again.

THEY'RE BACK!

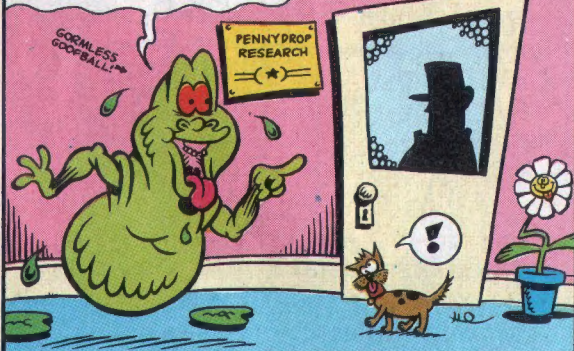


IN JUST 7 DAYS

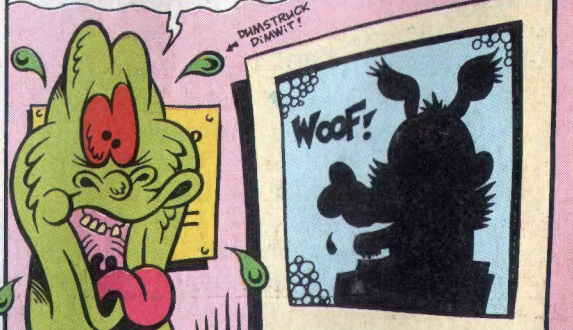
BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER

SLIMER VISIT PROF PENNYDROP'S ASST--
ASTIS-- HIS HELPER, PEABODY!
HE SUCH A NICE GUY!



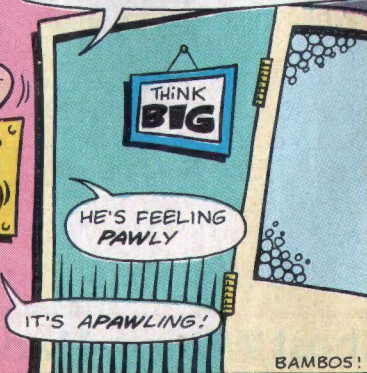
YIKES! PEABODY TURN INTO A
WH-WH-WEREWOLF! HOW
HORRIBLE! HOW TERRIBLE!
HOW HE DO DAT?



BUT!
JEEPERS CREEPERS! PEABODY ONLY
CARRYING HIS DOG, RAGS!
WHATTA REAL RELIEF!



RAGS HAS HURT HIS PAW. SO I
HAVE TO CARRY HIM ABOUT!



BAMBOS!